

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



MARTIN LUTHER HEDWIG AND EDWARD FAIRFAX.

## THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.—MARTIN LUTHER HEDWIG.

"I AM sorry you are going to leave us, sir," said Mrs. Trewbody, the mistress of a respectable lodging-house in a midland town.

"And I should be very ungrateful if I were not sorry to leave you, Mrs. Trewbody; I shall never forget your kind attentions," replied her lodger, a dark, spare-built young man, of thoughtful, serious countenance, in which gentleness and severity were both legibly written.

It was Martin Luther Hedwig.

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"I believe the rooms are taken, sir; but it won't seem natural to have any one here but you, for a long time. It's one of the worst things in our way of business—as soon as one gets to like a party they go away and leave us."

"I think I have been careful to make my change of home pretty well known among my acquaintance here; but, if letters come, or callers should inquire for me, you will keep this address in mind," said Martin, after having smiled a reply to her complaint; and he handed a card bearing his father's address.

Mrs. Trewbody's feelings did not prevail enough over

PRICE ONE PENNY.

her habits of business to prevent her from reading it through; but she sighed when she had finished it, and looked as sorrowful as before.

"I'm sure, sir, I don't know what our John and Lavinny will do without you; what you've been so good as to teach John will be the making of him, and little Lavinny's as fond of all the books you've given her as I used to be of my doll when I was her age. It was only the other day I wanted something to stop the baby crying while I was speaking to a friend, and I just took up that red one full of cats and dogs, you know, sir, that you gave her last Christmas was a twelvemonth. 'Mother,' says she, jumping up just for all as if she had been one of the cats in it, 'don't you know Mr. *Hedgewigs* gave me that?' Ask your pardon dear, says I, and I put it down pretty quick. 'Dear heart,' cries my friend, 'how fond she is of her book!' but I told her I believed it was all along of you."

Martin had nothing to say in reply, but that he was glad if he had been of any use: it was only some return for his landlady's kindness.

"Dear sir, don't name it; why, you never gave me a bit of trouble, and I'm not going to say but that's one reason why I'm so sorry you're going; and you wouldn't think it hard-hearted of me to give such a reason if you knew the difference of waiting on a reasonable and an unreasonable lodger. Why, there's the family in the floor below" (here Mrs. Trewbody lowered her voice), "they ring for everything and for nothing (which is worse); it's not for me to turn money from the house—and they pay regular—but I shouldn't cry much over their luggage, you may believe me. What's my stair-carpet, what's my shoes, what's my poor weary legs to them? Sir, they've no more feeling than that pepper-caster!"

As if to avenge themselves of her perfidy in complaining of them behind their backs, the floor below rang a peal at the close of her speech.

"There it is; well, well, it's no good to find fault. Ask your pardon, sir, for hindering you all this time with my talk. Oh, that's right—Lavinny has answered the bell—she's such a sharp little thing of her age; they'll put up with her very well when it's not about dinner, or such like. Well, sir, I was going to ask you if you'd do me the honour and favour to accept of a token in the name of my John; he was wishful I should get something suitable, and I hope I've pleased you."

Whereat she produced from her apron, which she had been nursing on her left arm, while her right hand had lain protectingly over the enveloped treasure, a large earthenware inkstand composed of a shepherd and shepherdess under a spreading tree, whose foliage was indiscriminately green and gold, the trunk jutting out between the couple to form the ink-fount. "It's a pretty, innocent-looking thing, isn't it sir?" said she, as she put it on the table: "he's got a dog beside him, and she's got a lamb—very natural! I thought you'd be taken with it, being so fond of the country and animals as you are."

Martin perfectly satisfied her with the terms in which he expressed his gratitude and admiration; and, her errand accomplished, his good landlady left him to the contemplation of this transcript of nature and hastened to answer a very impatient ring from the floor below, which argued business beyond Lavinny's power to meet.

Martin was not sorry to hear the bell and see her depart; he had said all he could on every subject of mutual interest, and had sufficient work to fill the few hours that remained of his stay there.

He was scarcely alone, when his door re-opened and

a young man of very graceful mien and appearance entered in some haste.

"Not gone! I was afraid I had lost you," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "I found the house-door open, and met no one between that and this; so I didn't know whether an empty shell mightn't be at the top as I mounted the stairs."

"I don't go till the evening," said Martin; "that will save me time, and prevent my sleeping on the road."

"Ah! save expense, old fellow, that's it," said his companion, laughing.

"Yes," replied Martin, "save expense, too. You who never worked don't know the value of money: I have worked, and must still; so I do."

"Well, I'll balance my ignorance against your trouble; and I think I've got the best of it."

"It's a good thing we are both satisfied," said Martin.

"You've heard from home, I conclude?" said Edward Fairfax, the son of the Professor's old friend.

Martin looked up without replying.

"I mean, you know if she is there," said Fairfax.

"Miss Awdrie? Yes, I think she has been there a week."

"Now, Martin, you're a good fellow: I tell you everything. You know my little Jessie and I are engaged—that is, in a sort of *incognito* style, and that sort of thing—do you see?"

"See what?" asked Martin.

"Why, there's no formal settled arrangement, but I'm in love with her, and she knows it; and she's in love with me, and I know it; so it's an understood thing. Now do you see?"

"And nobody else knows it, perhaps," said Martin.

"Just hit it: nobody but you. The fact is, my father is so full of his honourable fidgets that one is obliged to play *subrosa* now and then, or forego all one's little plans and expedients."

Martin looked grave and uneasy: he was about to speak, when Fairfax stopped him.

"Don't look so horribly wise and prudent. I'm not engaged in any nefarious plot; just listen to the whole story. Jessica is an heiress—you know that—and a very considerable one too. As long as my aunt kept my father's house there was no objection to her remaining with us; but, when she died, it was not the thing, in the eyes of the world."

"I've heard all this a dozen times," said Martin, rather impatiently.

"Good!" said Fairfax, laughing. "I teach you as you have taught me and four other pupils, by going over the same ground *well*, till the connection is seen."

Martin was silent.

"Now, don't look sour, Marty; it's all coming in time," said Fairfax.

"Can't you abridge—condense?" asked Martin, smiling.

"I will give it you in the style of an index if you like. 1st, I love Jessica; 2nd, Jessica loves me; 3rd, Father objects, for reasons nonsensical, to our marrying till she's of age."

"Then he knows of your attachment," broke in Martin.

"Well," said Fairfax, playing carelessly with the green and golden oak, "not quite that—more a guess at it—beginning to awake to it. Don't you understand?"

"No; I confess I don't," said Martin.

"Then—then—you—but let me go on with my index. You have told me before now I must learn to let things lie in my memory, and they will in time commend themselves to my understanding."

"Nay," said Martin, jealous for his reputation as a master, "I'm sure I did my best to make you understand all I taught you; but you too often wouldn't give your mind to your work, and my labour was in vain."

"Ah, what a faithful description!" said Fairfax, with mock sentiment; "now I'm doing my best to indoctrinate you into your lesson, but your brains are so dull my labour is in vain."

"Nonsense! say what you have to say," said Martin.

"Good; we left off at 3rd in the index. Well, 4th, so he sends my little girl where he thinks she will be safe, now that he can no longer keep her under his own eye, with his notions of propriety. You understand?"

Martin nodded.

"5th, then, she goes to your father and mother, recommended as models of perfection in prudence and family morals."

"By whom?" asked Martin.

"Ah! there was the *chef-d'œuvre*, the mark of a master mind," said Fairfax. "I set puppets at work—one, two, three; I pulled the strings behind the curtain, I appeared not. My father knew yours in early life: that I discovered; and, ascertaining from you that—that—"

"That he was a poor man," interrupted Martin.

"Well, that—for laudable purposes—doing more good—helping you—and so forth—he wouldn't take an increase of income amiss. I saw that I was being a perfect knight-errant in the benevolent line."

Martin remaining silent, his eyes on the floor, and his hands folded, Fairfax went on with his index.

"6th comes next. And now, Martin, you are not what I have taken you for if you slide away from my trust. The fact is, I look to you to take care that no one else comes in her way. You understand?"

"I thought," said Martin, with some surprise, "I thought you told me just now you were mutually attached."

"What then?" asked Fairfax.

"If so, there will be little need, surely, to keep others out of her way," replied Martin.

"My good fellow!" exclaimed Fairfax, "how simple you are, with all your learning. Why, I wouldn't trust a woman made of wrought steel while she had a golden pocket to attract; and Jessie's heart is not steel, by any means."

"Well," said Martin, "I have never been in love. If ever I am, it will not be with one whom I cannot trust."

"You know no more about love than the Lexicon does," said Fairfax, hastily. "I don't blame her; all girls are alike. She loves me now; but, if I am kept out of her sight, and a more captivating aspirant comes into it, why, I wouldn't take much for my chance; so that being my very essential reason for getting your home fixed on for her, remember I charge you to be as good as a Spanish duenna—a perfect watch-dog—a salamander—anything you like; build up a wall of Greek grammars round her—keep out every intruder."

"Your index is finished?" asked Martin, somewhat coldly.

"No: 7th and 8th have to come. I'm very sorry, but the head is come off this shepherdess. Does it signify? I only just tapped it with the ruler."

Martin took the loose head and moved away the ink-stand.

"Well, 7th is, then, that of course we correspond, and our letters go through you."

"No; that I cannot do," said Martin, hastily.

"Why not?" asked Fairfax, much surprised.

"What! help to deceive my father and mother, and

make them unconsciously break their trust with your father! I am surprised that you could think me capable of it."

"Ah! I didn't think of your taking that view of it," said Fairfax, coolly; "but it's nonsense; for, when she is of age, we shall marry, say what they will; and what harm can letters do?"

Martin shook his head.

"Well, then, some other dodge for that; but, 8th, do all the good offices you can for me behind my back. Say that I am a noble, fine-hearted—"

"I had better ask her for a description, hadn't I?" said Martin, laughing; "it must be a queer sort of love that wants the object to be better presented than it can itself paint it."

"Well, to sum up all, do your best for us; take care of her. She is as pretty as that young lady" (pointing to the shepherdess) "was before I broke her, quite as fair; with better eyes, and the advantage of not having green hair" (pointing to where the painter's brush had slipped from the tree to the figure).

"Love and friendship!" said Martin, when alone, "do I know anything of them? I thought Fairfax my friend, thought he recommended this ward to my father that I might be able to be nearer to my parents and obtain desirable advantages. He told me so. To-day I discover his true motives. Well, selfishness!—I owe the avowal to his need—I'm glad I know him better, though the knowledge has given me pain. As to love, I know nothing of it, it is true, nor does he, that is clear, nor can he, until a subliming process has passed through his nature. He love! No."

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE SHEPHERDESS.

THE Professor sat in his chair at ease, in the felicitous act of nursing his right foot on his left knee, as before described. By the fire, with an elbow resting on the mantelpiece, stood Martin Luther, conversing with him. At the table, midway, was good Mrs. Hedwig, engaged with her sprigs; but they were not prospering: she looked up too often on her long absent son, so dear to her heart, so beautiful in her eyes, to add to their number very materially.

She, too, was at rest; she was no longer in danger of being forced into the society of Sophocles or Euripides; the drama could do without her now; that is to say, the Professor could, in his treatment and consideration of it. She knew perfectly well that she enacted but the part of a dummy when she sat as listener, and felt it to be an equally agreeable thing for herself and her husband when an able and congenial spirit took her place.

Niceties of criticism, newly discovered beauties, fine analogies—these were discussed between the two with an interest and animation which she delighted to look on; she thought the Professor looked ten years younger already; and, as to Martin—but it did not require a mother's love to invest him with attractions; he had many, and they were strong and great. So she was fairly entitled to gaze on him with intense admiration and satisfied affection, as his countenance changed from grave to gay, and from gay to grave, during his long conversation with his father.

At length, from habit, her eye rested on the time-piece: it pointed to an hour beyond the usual time of retiring.

"Dear love! it's eleven o'clock," she exclaimed, quite unaware that she had broken in on a most delicate passage, which the Professor was delivering with pathetic tenderness to his son.

He impatiently waved his hand and continued; but



truly it *was* Greek to her, in a far stronger sense than it was to them; and the first pause he came to, which was a pause not to finish, but to heighten the effect of what followed, she again rashly ventured to hope that he would remember how bad late hours were for him, also that Martin must be tired with his journey.

"Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause," cried the Professor, "but not the grand voices that, long silent, have utterance to-night. Go to bed, good wife, and leave me and Martin to converse a little longer with them."

Now this was a proceeding wholly at variance with Mrs. Hedwig's principles and practice. It must be asserted that her principles and practice kept closer together than sometimes is the case where the principles are higher and more enlightened. She entirely objected to her husband's being left alone at night to choose his own time for retiring, feeling doubtful if there were not a possibility, under those circumstances, of his being discovered asleep in his chair in the morning, slumber having stolen on him when exhausted by overmuch study. Besides this, he never carried a candle straight, and any careful housewife will at once understand her solicitude on account of the stair-carpet; so she never went before him. If he insisted on breaking into the hours proper to rest, she sat patiently, with her sprigs or her knitting in her hand, till he was vanquished by her passive resistance, and forced out of pity to her weary face to give up and close his book.

She looked at the Professor hopelessly, and at Martin wistfully, and began to light the candles. Martin smiled. "Allow us ten minutes, mother; with Milton's leave, we will be of the party of Euclid and Archimedes then. Leave my father to me; I will answer for his not exceeding the time I promise for."

"Carry his candle for him, love," said Mrs. Hedwig, kissing him tenderly, and whispering, "I always do; I know *you* carry a candle straight."

The truth was, Martin, who had not yet been alone with his father, was not sorry for an opportunity of obtaining some insight into the transaction concerning Miss Awdrie, whom he had not seen; for, pleading an excuse, she had absented herself from the supper-table.

"Miss Awdrie! how do I like her? There is as much to like in her as there is in a blank book," said the Professor, with a slight yawn; for, out of the inspiring atmosphere of his beloved poets, he became excessively sleepy.

"A blank book is better than an ill-written one," answered Martin.

"Yes, if you can write your own thoughts in it. She has been here but a short time; I have seen little of her, but the little I have seen leads me to think she is a blank, and one that will *not* be written on."

"Well bound?" said Martin, smiling.

"Your mother says she is handsome and amiable; very likely she is; but this reminds me, as I wrote to you, you will no longer be compelled to labour as a tutor far from us. This only would have induced me to have my home's privacy invaded."

"But you had a regard for her father, and for her guardian?" asked Martin.

"Yes, but long passed, almost forgotten. I was surprised that Mr. Fairfax should have thought of me; but your mother suggested the intimacy between you and his son."

Martin confirmed this notion.

"You will be able now to carry on your studies without interruption, and near us—very satisfactory to me, as you will believe. I often pine for a companion with whom to interchange thought; *thought, not feeling*; your

excellent mother has a deep fount of that, pure and unselfish."

Martin murmured assent.

"She calculates," continued the Professor, "that fifty pounds per annum will sufficiently defray the actual expense incurred on account of Miss Awdrie; the other hundred pounds, therefore, we give up to you, while she is here, to lay out as shall most conduce to your good."

"Very generous—very good," said Martin; "but I have been careful, and am now in possession of a small sum as a nucleus, to which more will gather; you will be able to afford me a home until I have increased it to a sum sufficient."

"How?" asked the Professor.

"They will be glad of my help as first classical master in the High School. I ascertained that before leaving Lydwood."

"Then what is the use of the money?" asked the Professor.

"At present you may see none for it; but a day may come when it will prove very happily useful: reserve it for that."

"Not if it necessitated your going away," said the Professor; "you don't know what a refreshment you are to me."

"We will go over particulars to-morrow," said Martin. "I am not in any haste to go away, you may well believe; but I hoped Miss Awdrie would be somewhat in the place of a daughter to you."

"Nothing in her! nothing in her!" said the Professor, shaking his head; "she is like a bird scared from its nest. Fairfax's sister brought her up, and being, I conclude, an ordinary woman, brought her up with the training of an ordinary woman."

"Don't you think the world would do ill without a sprinkling of ordinary women in it?" asked Martin.

"The world? oh! I don't know; I was not thinking nor caring for the world; I was thinking of myself," said the Professor.

"My mother likes her?"

"Yes: she suits her; plays with threads, and talks of cooking. Well, if she makes as good a wife and mother, I suppose it is sufficient; but (I mean no disparagement to my excellent wife) a companion is a desirable thing for a man who is closely attached to his domestic hearth—

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, forethought, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light."

"That is the picture, I suppose," replied Martin, smiling; "but these perfect portrait-women live only in the frames of poets' numbers. Shall I," he asked, taking up the two candles, "light the way?"

The Professor sighed. He was more awake than he had been for weeks and months: he had treasures to exhibit—subjects endless; but Martin reminded him that to-morrow, and the next day, and many beyond, they would be able to talk together, and began to lead the way. As they ascended the stairs, Mrs. Hedwig's gentle face, in her carefully plaited night-cap, peered over the banisters, whispering, "The candle in your left hand, love—not quite straight!"

Martin had been ejected from the room hitherto allotted to him, in favour of Miss Awdrie, and turned into a smaller one that overlooked the garden. He had to seek new places for all his appertainments; but this should be to-morrow's work, he thought, his careful mother having already unpacked his portmanteau, and placed at his ready use all he wanted for the night. "And here is my

poor broken shepherdess!" he cried, seeing that the inkstand had been put in the post of honour on the mantelpiece, the broken head stuck on a convenient branch of the tree.

"Edward said something about his lady-love being like her; and my father apparently has the same notion, inasmuch as she is minus in the head portion."

## THE CALIFORNIA OVERLAND EXPRESS:

THE LONGEST STAGE-RIDE IN THE WORLD.

FOURTH DAY.—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

NEAR midnight our conductor called out, "Straighten yourselves up!" in preparation for some very rough ground that we were just approaching, which had been broken by fissures and banks, caused by an earthquake. In about an hour after these arousing jolts we drew up at the foot of the Tejon Pass, the southern extremity of that great central valley which, under the name of San Joachin in the south, and of Sacramento in the north, occupies the chief portion of California, and extends nearly 600 miles in length by 100 in breadth.

We were now at the point of junction of its two mountain barriers, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range. The Tejon station was a store kept by a dry sort of Yankee, who, after moving about very leisurely, and scarcely deigning to answer any questions put him, set before us a supper of goat's flesh and coffee. After making a hearty meal we had again to shift into another vehicle similar to the preceding. It being one o'clock in the morning, and a dark night, we had to be very careful that none of our respective packages or blankets were left behind in the hurried operation of changing; so we tumbled hastily into our new waggon, wrapping ourselves up in coats or blankets nearly as they came to hand, waiting till morning for more light and leisure to see which was our own. By means of a blanket each, in addition to an overcoat, we managed to settle down warmly and closely together for a jolting but sound slumber. What with mail-bags and passengers, we were so tightly squeezed that there was scarcely room for any jerking about separately in our places, but we were kept steady and compact, only shaking "in one piece" with the vehicle itself.

Thus closely sleeping, we ascended fifteen miles of a mountain road, except for a part of the ascent, where we had to walk—not so pleasant a stretch as sometimes, on account of the darkness, sleepiness, and the occasional crossing of streams in our path.

At daylight we opened out on a table-land, a continuation of the Great Basin of Utah, and were immediately struck with the new and characteristic vegetation here witnessed, consisting chiefly of yucca-trees about twenty feet high, and mostly forked at the top like the letter Y.

Here we noticed, for the first time in our journey, the strange horned frog (*Agama cornuta*), which characterizes the sterile uplands of Utah, New Mexico, and Western Texas. Though repulsive in appearance, it is innocent enough. We caught some, intending to keep them as mementoes, but had to relinquish the attempt for want of suitable means of preserving them alive.

We merely skirted the extreme margin of the Great Basin, and in an hour or two dashed rapidly down a ravine between picturesque crags—a route richly adorned with the red blossoms of a *Clarkia*, fine scarlet salvias, the blue spikes of a plant resembling horse-mint, and abundant verdure of the feathery and silvery leafage of the chapparral hereabouts. (Chapparral is a general Western name for prairie vegetation and underwood.)

We had now re-entered the Coast Range, and were winding down the romantic twenty-two mile San Francisco Pass, a lovely region of tree and blossom, cliff and stream. Half way through it we had a wash and a good breakfast at a rancho, where we were warned that a hunter had that morning shot a bear a little lower down the valley, that the animal had only been wounded, and had retired amongst the trees and rocks close to our route, whence he might possibly make his appearance on our passing by. To the disappointment of the passengers, nothing was seen of him.

In the afternoon we entered the San Fernando Pass, a short but very stiff one. Here our vehicle stuck fast in a narrow gorge. The horses could not move it, though aided by ourselves. Happily there was a waggon just behind us, whose team we borrowed, and, by dint of pulling and pushing all together, we soon got up the ascent.

This was the only time during the journey that we came to a dead-lock, and it was also the only time that we were travelling in company with another vehicle going in the same direction.

On emerging from the San Fernando Pass we came to a new aspect of country and vegetation, and to a population retaining more of the Spanish and Mexican element than Northern California, as indicated by conversation and wayside notices in the Spanish language, and by the style of dress and prevalence of adobe houses.

The sunny plains and vineyards of Ciudad de los Angeles (the City of Angels) were now spread before us, whilst in the foreground rose, in the light of sunset, the purple sierras of San Geronio. The plains were covered with a profusion of varied and tangled vegetation, especially yellow and crimson cacti and prickly pear, oleanders, mesembryanthemums, sunflowers, mustard, and large elder-trees, cotton-wood, and the black chestnut, whilst the undulations were thickly covered with masses of small flowers glowing in the evening like a purple velvet carpeting. The aerial effects of the lights and shadows in an atmosphere and climate so pure as in Southern California give much beauty even to the simplest elements of the picturesque, as was observed by Humboldt whilst travelling in the similar regions of Mexico and Venezuela. After leaving Los Angeles and Monte we again changed into a smaller and lighter vehicle, and travelled briskly over a sandy plain, of which we saw but little in the rapidly closing night.

FIFTH AND SIXTH DAYS.—WARNER'S PASS AND COLORADO DESERT.

At daybreak we found ourselves in a sterile region, and on our left the Laguna Grande, a salt lake about five miles in length, surrounded by mountains, whose reflected shadows on it were intensely clear, and the margin white with saline incrustations. On our right were sandy undulations abounding in gopher holes. These little animals (*Pseudostoma burbarius*) appear very industrious in their burrowings, and numbers of their holes are left unfinished, and fresh ones begun close by, as if from change of plan and a second resolution to "try it again."

To-day we passed several Indian villages and wigwams of poles, and observed the men going by with lassoes. Some of the squaws were carrying their papooses behind their backs on wicker frames; others were grinding corn by moving a flat slab up and down a shallow stone trough.

Warner's Pass was now before us, a valley of varying aspect and width, extending about forty miles through

the sierras, and finally opening out into the utterly sterile Colorado Desert. In some places the valley was covered with boulders and fantastically-shaped weather-worn rocks interspersed with gnarled evergreen oaks. Near the hot springs of Agua Caliente we saw a hill, from a fissure in which a cloud of smoke was rising, and were informed that mud volcanoes exist hereabouts.

At nightfall we entered the narrow gorge of San Felipe, just at the entrance of which a large Indian camp-fire lighted up the sides of the defile, and beyond which the passage narrowed in, so as just to allow one vehicle to pass between the perpendicular walls rising on either hand. And now commenced a shaking descent down the long narrow entrance to the Colorado Desert, over a path uneven in the extreme, steep, and strewn with loose rocks and stones. Here we had six horses; and a wild spasmodic pull it was. In the midst of it, however, some of us managed, as usual, to fall sound asleep, but were roused in the darkness with the information that, on emerging from the pass to the level desert in which we now were, the horses had become unmanageable, and three of them had broken loose from their traces. After a couple of hours' delay two of the three were caught, and we proceeded with the five, and at daybreak reached Carrizo, a solitary station in a scene of desolation not to be surpassed in the Arabian deserts, as the landscape chiefly presents only bare earth and gravel, with an occasional patch of mesquite. On halting here the driver lay down to snatch ten minutes' sleep after the night's exertion, remarking that he felt himself "agoing, agoing," and was instantly unconscious in profound slumber, from which he had speedily to be roused again. Pursuing our route between banks of bare earth, we passed a party of forty United States soldiers, covered with dust, and with tattered clothes—anything but martial. After driving for hours through a wind hot as from a furnace, we reached a station in the mid-desert—a miserable abode, with walls black inside with clustering flies, but where we were refreshed with coffee. Again starting, we soon entered the Mexican frontier, as indicated by a line of iron slabs at wide intervals. The only water at the stations hereabouts was alkaline and dirty; but, such as it was, we were glad to fill our canteens with it, both now and farther eastward, when traversing the "journadas" of Arizona, where, for sixty miles at a time, we had no water at all but that which we carried with us from preceding stations.

Towards the Colorado River the country is covered with dust-hills and rippled sand-heaps, strewn with whitened freshwater shells of paludina, etc., deposited during the annual overflow of the river, which extends miles across the plains near its mouth. The mesquite abounds here—a thorny, gnarled acacia, characteristic of the most barren and dusty regions of the Far West. Hour after hour we were enveloped in clouds of fine clayey dust, as so many times previously and subsequently, when journeying over low-lying plains. What with the hot wind, the dust, and the perspiration, our faces and hands became covered with a thin mud, only removed to be speedily renewed as we proceeded.

#### SEVENTH DAY.—WESTERN ARIZONA, PETAHAYA REGION.

After a breakfast of tough steaks at four A.M. in another dirty, dusty adobe, we reached the banks of the Colorado, which is here a rushing, whirling, and mud-coloured river about a thousand feet in breadth. Its margin is lined with a jungle of mesquite and tall sunflowers, abounding in quail and the swift-footed passana (*Geococcyx viaticus*). Our track lay for miles close to the river, whose banks were here and there continually fall-

ing into the stream; and we soon came to a place where our road was, for a short distance, washed away—an emergency which had not been altogether unexpected. The conductor and "Texas" set to work vigorously to clear away the brushwood. The latter used his axe in true backwoodsman's style, and we were, ere long, able to drag and scramble through to the continuation of the interrupted track. The Colorado is hereabouts shifting its bed continually, and wears away nearly twice its breadth of bank every year. In the course of the forenoon we re-entered the United States territory, and stopped for half an hour at Fort Yuma, on the frontiers of California, Arizona, and Mexico.

In the distance rose the abrupt outlines of Pilot Knob, "the Chimney," and similarly-shaped hills of porphyritic granite. At the Fort we had the welcome offer of a hasty wash in a private bedroom; and very refreshing it was to relieve our encumbered pores from the finely choking dust and perspiration of the past week.

Crossing the Colorado, we left California finally behind us, and entered Arizona, the new territory acquired from Mexico under the terms of "the Gladstone Purchase."

On leaving the river we ascended to a rocky tract, where, for the first time, we saw the strange petahaya or gigantic cereus which forms the most characteristic feature in the landscape of New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora, and Chihuahua, and is exclusively indigenous to those districts. It has no leaves, in the ordinary sense of the word, but consists of a lofty, straight, spiny, grooved, and dull green shaft from twenty to fifty feet in height and from one to two feet in diameter. From half-way up this shaft two opposite branches diverge at right angles, and, taking another bend, also at right angles, grow parallel to the main trunk, which they resemble in nature and thickness. On the summit of the shafts is a little cluster of white flowers, succeeded by a sweet-tasted fruit, resembling a fig in size and flavour, and which affords a by no means despicable supply of food to the Indians of the Apache and Navajo tribes. Though the general appearance of the petahaya somewhat resembles a huge branched candelabra-stand, yet there is great diversity of size and form; some being like a pump, others assuming the aspect of a tall man stretching out his arms in making a public address; whilst others are simple, unbranched fluted columns, rising in rows and clusters on the serrated ridges and arid uplands of the Mexican frontier.



THE PETAHAYA-TREE.



The petahaya was always a welcome sight to us, not merely from its own interest and novelty, but from its being associated, in our experience, only with clear air and a soil free from the annoyance of clouds of dust.

After leaving Fort Yuma our route lay near the south bank of the river Gila, for about one hundred and fifty miles, and with the arid and rugged, but very auriferous, mountains of Mexico generally in sight.

To-day, on having a relay of mustangs, they reared up and plunged worse than usual, broke the pole-chain, stood up nearly perpendicularly, and, finally, one fell and got underneath the body of the waggon, which movement, together with the threatening kicks and jerks of the animal, caused our speedy evacuation of the vehicle, till order was restored and the journey resumed.

#### EIGHTH DAY.—BANKS OF THE GILA—THE INDIANS.

Breakfasted on venison at three A.M. at Stanwick's rancho on the Gila, and, by special favour of the conductor, had time for a plunge in the stream. On starting we noticed hereabouts the marks of several recent Indian camp-fires. A month subsequently to our visit here, two overland passengers, wishing to bathe in the Gila, and not having any extra time allowed for the stage to stop, borrowed horses from the rancho, had their bathe, and rode after the others, overtaking them at the next station. But on the way they were assaulted by five Indians armed with bows and arrows. In self-defence they killed three of the Indians, and so escaped to their fellow-travellers and the stage.

Murders hereabouts are of frequent occurrence, of which we had several indications, even in our hasty transit to-day; for, soon after breakfast, we came to a region of extinct volcanoes containing craters and large deposits of black lava and pumice-stone, and surrounded by ranges of very distinctly terraced trap mountains. On descending a crater about a mile in length and one hundred feet deep, with precipitous sides, we observed a staked inclosure, containing the grave of a family of seven persons named Oatman, who had been murdered here by the Apaches.

Proceeding further along the sides of some bluffs of volcanic rock, covered and scratched with numerous uncouth Indian hieroglyphics, we met a solitary German emigrant crossing the plains, with no other companion than his trusty horse. Both rider and steed seemed worn out with exhaustion and excitement. The man said that since daybreak he had been chased by seven Indians, who had followed him nearly to the Overland station, where we met him, and where he was resting for a few hours. He intended to resume his journey presently, and remarked, "Well, if they do catch me, I will dismount and fight to the last, hand to hand, and sell my life as dearly as I can."

We took our next meal at two P.M. at Gila Bend. This station had been destroyed by the Indians, only four months previously, but the inmates escaped. More than a hundred arrows were afterwards picked up around the spot.

In the afternoon, whilst passing through a thicket of mesquite, we met, at intervals, with eight Indians on horseback armed with bows and arrows. The passengers and conductor got their rifles and revolvers in readiness, should anything unpleasant be threatened, but the Indians soon turned aside amongst the trees, and we saw no more of them. This was just as we were entering a narrow gorge, the Pimo Pass, whose sides were fringed with petahayas. On entering it the conductor pointed out a rock, from behind which the Indians had only a fortnight previously killed one of the officials of the

Overland Mail Company. We felt easier when we were clear of the pass, and re-emerged on a wide expanse, "the forty mile desert." Hereabouts we passed many skeletons of oxen.

At nightfall we reached the Pimo villages, a settlement of comparatively civilized Indians, very different from their barbarous neighbours the Apaches. We had seen one of their large camp-fires previously, when miles off on the plain. Near the station our attention was called to a "sweat-house," where the Indians get rid of fevers by a vapour-bath process.

Whilst our supper was preparing we washed in an Indian bowl formed of reeds, but quite watertight. Saucepans also of reeds are here made use of. They are filled with water, which is then boiled by dropping hot stones into it.

"Texas," who had visited this spot previously, inquired after an old acquaintance of his, who, as we were informed, was still living in the neighbourhood. She is an Indian woman of enormous development, and goes by the name of "The Great Western." Her weight is said to be upwards of thirty stone.

#### LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY M. L. WEALEY.

##### I.—SHOPPING IN THE EAST.

"SHOPPING" is a very different affair in the East from what it is in the West. A fine lady *may*, if she be so disposed, indeed, spend a long morning in London in choosing a single dress; but it is not *necessary* to do so; and, with most of the articles of housekeeping, any one accustomed to the selection will, in a short time, make purchases for a large family. But it is not so in the East, nor, we must add, was it always so in England. Before the excellent custom of a "fixed price" was introduced (for which we are indebted to the Society of Friends, who first practised it), shopping must have been a most tedious business, even in our land of despatch and hurry. In the East, where habits are more rooted, and a greater slackness in business prevails than in Europe, a considerable time is of course spent before any purchase can be made. Another difficulty, besides the time spent in bargaining, is the uncertainty of ever finding the article you seek in the shop where you had seen or formerly obtained it, unless the seller happens also to be the maker of the article. Various small things which residents are glad to procure to send home to their friends can only be had at certain festivals, and then often but by chance. Some of the choicer kinds of sweetmeats belong to certain Mohammedan feast days; and nothing will induce the confectioner to make them, except at the usual season; if asked to do so, he laughs, and replies scornfully, "It is not the time." Perhaps a week or two after the parcel has been sent, or the travellers are gone, the stalls and shops may be full of the very article vainly sought for before.

Here is a specimen of one kind of shopping. I one day observed in a street in Cairo some pretty vases of red clay, made in Upper Egypt, and difficult to procure in the city. I had been wishing for one as a present, and never had been lucky enough to meet with any; so I looked for the owner of the basket, and, seeing no one, applied to an old man selling pipe-heads of the same material close by, and asked for the owner of the vases. "He is gone away," replied the gray-beard, lazily puffing the smoke from his long cherry-stick pipe. "Is he coming back soon?" "I don't know!" with a grunt that seemed to add, "don't

trouble me further." Another pipe-head seller sat just opposite; and, as all came from the upper country, a friend who was with me proposed trying if he would sell for the absent man. Taking up the vase on which I had fixed, we held it up, saying, "Do you know the price of this?" "The man is gone that way," he answered, pointing to his right. "Well, will you tell me the price? is it so much?" "No; so much," says the friend of the absent, now fairly roused by love of bargaining, and naming a much larger sum. The noise of the passers-by making it difficult to be heard even across that narrow street, he now holds up as many fingers as he desires to obtain coins of a certain value. We hold up two fingers; he shakes his head; reluctantly the vase is laid down in the basket, and we move on: but this is only a feint; we return after a few steps, and say, with the best imitation of indifference we can, "So much," and again hold up two fingers. "Very well," bawls the pipe-seller; "take it;" and, receiving the money for his friend, he permits me to take the prize and walk off triumphantly, thinking of the words of Solomon, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way then he boasteth."

Another style of shopping is one only known to householders, and even they are not very often disposed to attempt it, from the time it consumes. This is visiting the native wholesale warehouses to get stores of necessary articles for a family, which are thus to be got cheaper, undoubtedly; but, to most Europeans, time is of as much value, or more so, than the amount of money saved. If, however, a leisure day occurs, in which there is nothing better to be done, a visit to some of these great khans, or inns, as they are called, where merchants keep their stores, affords a good deal of entertainment to any one interested in observing national customs and manners, which are better seen there than in the bustle of the crowded bazaars frequented by travellers of all countries.

I went over some of these warehouses one day with two or three friends, intending to combine the useful with the agreeable, by laying in a stock of rice, etc., and seeing the "humours" of the place at the same time. We entered the first khan, or inn (for it is in the place where travelling merchants put up that the warehouses are built), by an arched doorway leading into a large court, round which were a number of dark dens containing stores of rice. Some were open, and their owners stood at the doors, bargaining with travelling merchants or other purchasers at their respective doors. Mules and asses, laden ready to depart, or waiting to receive their burdens, stood near; while fowls and turkeys ran about the court feasting on the rice, whose scattered grains afforded them a good subsistence.

Some of the doors were shut and locked, the masters being absent; and, as other business was going on slowly and quietly, groups of turbaned merchants were drinking coffee and chatting, while two or three Nubians and negroes waited on them. We approached one of the open dens, and the owner civilly saluted us, and brought the whole party into his dark receptacle, where piles of sacks lay heaped on each other, and baskets stitched up with string. One or two were opened, and samples presented in a metal tray. The cook of the lady who had brought me, and who was a judge of such things, turned the grains over solemnly in his fingers, and, after some debating, selected a specimen, and a servant was called to fill our bags. Meantime, an artist might have made a very pretty picture of the scene—the deep shade of the little store-room, relieved by a long gold ray of sunshine, which found its way across the court and fell on

the crimson caftan and white turban and bright brass inkstand of the merchant's assistant, who, seated near the door, was making out his accounts with a sheet of paper doubled up in his hand, as is usually done by Orientals when writing. Ancient chairs of carved wood-work, exactly resembling those so often found among Egyptian antiquities as thrones for kings or deities, stood outside the door, and made one think of Joseph selling corn in Egypt, and how probable it was that he sat on a similar throne, or chair of office, while the sons of Israel stood, like some of these purchasers, beside their asses, waiting till their sacks should be filled.

At length our bargain seemed complete. After much discussion a sum was agreed on and the purses produced; but the merchant now tried to improve his bargain by insisting that we should take his rice by the small instead of the large measure (*i.e.*, pay for it as if in retail instead of wholesale, and thus lose the advantage of taking the large quantity), which was of course unfair, as in these places they will not sell except in large quantities, as in all wholesale shops. The cook's reply to this proposition, therefore, was to empty out the sacks, with a gesture of great indignation, and, shrugging his shoulders, to beckon us to come out of the den at once. The merchant did not look at all decomposed, but gave forth a flood of words, which, of course, were disregarded, and the scene of bargaining and waiting was all gone through over again at another den very similar to the first. This time, however, we came off successfully with full bags, and thence proceeded to the oil-merchant's khan.

The building here was not so fine as the rice khan, (which was old, and had some rich carving about it), but the groups were still more picturesque, and the oil-jars, heaped about in every direction, were so graceful in form as to make a great addition to the scene. The merchants here appeared to be a wealthy set of men, judging from their dress, at least; their caftans, of silk or cloth, were of the finest texture and brightest colours; and certainly the coolness which they showed about securing purchases would have led one to suppose money was no object, were it not that such is the custom of the country until the bargain is actually begun. It was some time before any one of the oil-merchants could be induced to look up from his account-book, or stop chatting to his friends. At length one looked up and said, "What do you desire?" and, on being answered, he called for samples to show us; and a woman came and brought a vessel containing a specimen of the rich gold-coloured lettuce-oil, of which his stock consisted. This is the kind most in use, I was told, for ordinary lamps in Cairo, and the people also like to eat it. The woman invited us to judge of it by the taste; and, when we declined, she laughed, and, dipping in her own finger, sucked it with great relish, declaring it was very nice. When the bargaining was finished, a jar was obtained from a store which stood heaped up in a corner, ready for purchasers, and, after being weighed separately, was filled and then sealed with a wisp of straw, well plastered with stiff mud, and finally strung upon a donkey's back, to be conveyed to the purchaser's abode.

All this had occupied a full hour, and the visit to the rice khan nearly as long a time; and so with everything else. The contrast with the despatch of English shopmen was amusing to think of. The surprise would certainly be mutual if our friends here could be transported to a large grocery establishment in London, and see the rapid style of weighing goods and tying up parcels, and if Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones were brought here to see what

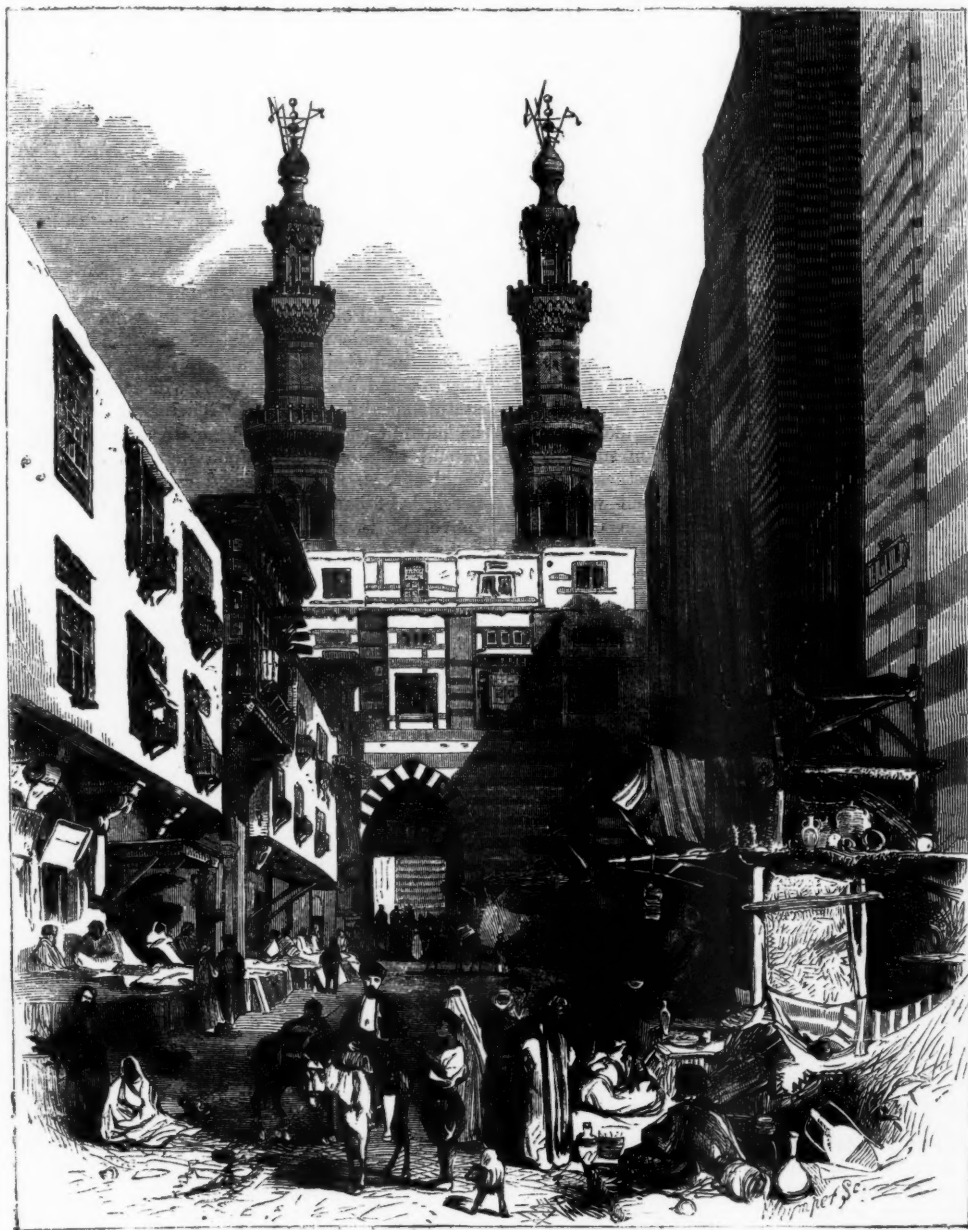
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I have been describing. But we must not lose sight of the fact alluded to above, that the fixed-price system is comparatively modern; and what must have been the discomfort of standing in the fog or drizzling rain of an

change. Why there is not a new coinage, or what has become of the old money, no one seems to know, and various are the conjectures about both; but no one has any doubt that the scarcity is a very great inconvenience.



GATE OF THE METWALLAH, CAIRO.

English December, even if under shelter, exposed to cold damp draughts, while bargaining and haggling for an hour or more! If a "dawdling" way of doing business be tiresome in the south, it must have been worse still in the north, before civilization, with its rapid strides, had driven it away.

Another inconvenience in shopping in Egypt is the want of small coin. This is only of late years, as I never remember any difficulty, some little time ago, in obtaining

Perhaps you are buying oranges, and offer a coin, in value a shilling or so, and ask for change. "I have none," says the seller; "you must take more oranges." "I can take no more," you reply, being alone and on foot: "these are as many as I can carry." "Then leave them and go elsewhere, for I have no small money." At another stall it is ten to one that the same scene is repeated. "Hassan," says the orange-seller to a friend, "have you any change? oblige me with a couple of

piastres." "I have not a para of change," replies Hassan; and the end is that you either give up your oranges or return home ridiculously laden, unless you like to pay three times the value of what you take: and all for the want of a few copper coins. Or you are buying calico—*bafta*, as the common cotton cloth used for so many household purposes is here called. The merchant says, "Will you take a whole piece, or by the *drah*?" (answering to a yard, though much shorter). He is quite anxious you should take the large quantity, as much to avoid the trouble of hunting for change as for the profit. When your cotton is measured off and the bargain finished, the trial comes. You offer a sovereign: he pretends he has no change; but at last, on your repeatedly assuring him that he *has*, he pulls out a bag containing a queer assemblage of coins from all countries, from Egypt to Russia, and extracts a napoleon, or *bint*, as they call it (signifying girl). "Take this, and give me so many piastres beside the sovereign," he says, "and then I will give you back *this*," showing some Greek or Russian coin; and so, by changing to and fro for half an hour, and doing as many sums as a schoolboy would think a fair task, at last the business is completed. It is true that, if you are riding, your donkey-boy is usually both able and willing to assist your arithmetical calculations, by doing addition and subtraction sums in his head, with amazing rapidity and correctness; but of course a great deal of time is thus spent which one cannot always afford, and people are often obliged to relinquish some small article which is not worth all this trouble because they cannot get change. Every one hopes the present viceroy will reform this abuse, and strike out a new coinage, both in copper and silver. Time will show. He appears inclined to improve the country in several respects, and is opening some free schools for soldiers' sons and others. It is better they should learn to read than to remain ignorant. Undoubtedly the Christians must regret that, in these places of public instruction, the knowledge that causeth to err, the false coin instead of the true, will be given to the poor. Alas that so many should be spending their "money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not"! A few patient and zealous servants of Christ are indeed engaged daily in offering this word to all who will hear them; and the all-seeing eye of God can mark those among their hearers who do "thirst," and will surely bring such to the "waters," and bid them "buy wine and milk without money and without price."

## HINTS ON LEGAL TOPICS.

### II.—WILLS AND WILL-MAKING.

AMONGST the more frequent sources of failure in the attempt to dispose of property, where a will is drawn by an unscientific person, are those which occur when gifts of land are made for charitable purposes. It frequently happens that a man possessed of landed property, freehold or leasehold, being desirous of bestowing some portion of it after his death upon a hospital or other charitable institution, directs a plot of land or a house to be sold, and the proceeds to be handed over to the society or charity. Or perhaps he directs that a sum of money, part of his residuary estate, shall be set aside to be laid out in the purchase of land on which a hospital may be erected, or in enlarging the precincts of a school, or in improving its buildings. Many such an intending donor, animated by the best motives, would be surprised to learn that these beneficent schemes of his, if attempted

to be carried out in this way by will, must fail, and his landed property revert, if freehold, to his heir, if leasehold, to his next of kin; nay, the money even, as to which he may have thought no objection could have been raised, having been destined to be laid out in the acquisition of land, will undergo a similar fate: the bequest will be void, and will operate only in favour of his legal heirs and representatives.

*How and why does this failure take place?*

The answer to the first question is that it fails by reason of the Statute of Mortmain. This celebrated enactment was passed in the year 1736, in the reign of George II, under the auspices of Lord Hardwicke; and it has ever since been carried out by the judges with great cordiality and vigour. The leading provision is that no lands or tenements, or money to be laid out thereon, shall be given for any charitable uses whatsoever, except by deed executed twelve months before the death of the donor, and enrolled in the Court of Chancery; and that all other gifts shall be void. The only exceptions made in the statute are the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the colleges of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster. It will be observed that the statute speaks of "lands," "tenements," and "money to be laid out thereon." These words have been held to extend to money lent upon mortgage, turnpike tolls, canal shares, poor-rates and county-rates; and to the proceeds of lands directed to be sold and the produce converted to charitable purposes. Indeed, courts of law and of equity have both shown themselves eager to carry out the provisions of the Legislature; and, in administering the estate of a deceased testator, who has given a charitable legacy out of his residue, it is always held that the legacy must be thrown rateably upon his residue of both kinds, land and money, and that the proportion of the legacy which falls upon the landed part of the residue must fail.

At the same time, it is in the power of a testator to dispose of the whole or any part of his *purely personal* estate in favour of charitable objects; and it will be remembered that some of the great religious societies, fully advised as to the state of the law, have prescribed a form which may with safety be used by intending benefactors. Such, for example, is the following:—

"I bequeath the following charitable legacies, to be paid out of such part of my personal estate as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, to the treasurers or other officers of the respective charities or institutions hereinafter mentioned (whose respective receipts shall be effectual discharges for the same), and to be applicable for the charitable purposes of such respective institutions; namely, to" etc., etc.

The question not unnaturally arises at a very early period of these inquiries, What are the objects which fall under the legal denomination of *charitable uses*? In a statute of Queen Elizabeth the following are enumerated: "The relief of aged, impotent, and poor people; maintenance of sick and maimed soldiers and mariners, schools of learning, free schools, and scholars in universities; repair of bridges, ports, havens, causeways, churches, banks, and highways; education and preferment of orphans; the relief, stock, or maintenance for houses of correction; marriages of poor maids; supportation and help of young tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and persons decayed; relief or redemption of prisoners or captives; and aid or care of any poor inhabitants concerning payment of taxes." But the word "charity" has, in modern times, embraced a much larger class of subjects, and extends to the erection of waterworks for a town, the general improvement of a town, the esta-

blishment of a life-boat, of a botanical garden, gifts for preaching a sermon, to keep the chimneys in repair, to pay the ringers, to build an organ gallery, to endow a hospital, to assist deserving literary men who have been unsuccessful, and indeed almost any purpose of a public or of a benevolent nature. The greatest stretch of interpretation in favour of charity was that which included a gift for the preparation of the writings of Joanna Southcote. On the other hand, a trust for forming a museum at Shakespeare's house is not charity, nor is a trust for the benefit of a local subscription library, nor a bequest for erecting or repairing a monument to the donor, or for maintaining a vault or tomb to contain his remains.

Many of the above objects, it will be observed, are such as require for their fulfilment the purchase of land in some shape; and gifts even of money by will, for purposes of this sort, will be invalid under the statute. Thus, a bequest of money to a church-building society must necessarily fail, unless the land has all been bought and the churches built, and nothing remains to be done but to repair them; possibly not even then. It was found that a society, promoted by Lord John Manners and his friends, for the purpose of restoring tithes in the hands of lay impropriators to the church, was not exempt, and that it could not take a gift of money by will.

The statute does not extend to Ireland, nor to the Colonies, and it has been relaxed in favour of several institutions; amongst others, the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, the British Museum, Greenwich Hospital, the Foundling and St. George's Hospitals. Permission is also specially granted by Act of Parliament to devise lands not exceeding five acres, or goods not exceeding £500 in value, for erecting and repairing churches and parsonage houses. This has been followed by a similar provision legalizing devises of land to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The above are mere outlines of an arrangement which is peculiar to, and characteristic of, English law. Its reasons and policy have frequently been the subject of discussion at various periods of our history. In very early times, when feudal institutions were in full force, the main reason against permitting corporations to hold land was that, as the tenants of such lands could never be attainted or die, the Crown missed many of its most valuable privileges of escheat, wardship, premier seisin, etc. To make amends, it was held to be necessary, in order to enable corporations to hold land, that they should obtain licenses for the purpose from the Crown—a necessity which, as a part of the law of the land, was recognised by the "Constitutions" of Clarendon in 1164. But the monastic clergy, as they increased in number and wealth, found this regulation to be a great impediment in the way of their acquiring permanent possession of English soil. They battled long and steadily against the obnoxious rule, and, inasmuch as their authority was able to command all the legal ingenuity of the times, and by devoting their uninterrupted efforts to one object, whilst the rest of the world were crusading, or otherwise engaged in war, they succeeded in obtaining for themselves, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, vast dotations of land, whereby the Crown, as of old, found itself curtailed of its signorial rights. Hence followed the statute *de religiosis* of Edward I, declaring that no person, religious or other, should buy, sell, or appropriate to himself lands in mortmain, on pain of forfeiture; an enactment which was ingeniously evaded by the ecclesiastics, by the invention of what were till lately known as "common reco-

veries." Upon this was passed the Statute of Westminster the Second; and for some time the monasteries, priories, and abbeys had the worst of it, until, setting their legal wits to work, they devised and managed to get established by law a new doctrine, distinguishing between the "possession" and the "use" of lands, whereby they continued to keep the profits whilst another was the nominal owner of the lands themselves. Against this device the common-law lawyers in Parliament directed a new remedy, by an Act of Richard II. Thus a large chapter of legal history is devoted to struggles between the Crown and Parliament on the one hand, and the religious houses on the other. To the latter the acquisition of land was a vital necessity, whilst the king felt himself only partially aggrieved by the diminution of his services; and it followed that the monks were in many instances successful, owing to the prevalence of their numbers and authority, and the discreet uses to which they applied their wealth. With the Reformation came the fall of the religious houses and the sale of the abbey lands; and, as feudalism, with its tenures and services, was also dying out of Europe, and crown revenues began to assume the modern form of money payments, the ancient hostility to mortmain, the holding of land in the "dead hand" of a corporation, was less keenly felt. Indeed, gifts of land for charitable purposes in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were strangely favoured, and the laws against alienation to corporate persons were suspended until the statute of George II.

Amongst the main arguments to be found in Lord Hardwicke's memoranda, in favour of the measure, are these—that it would tend to preserve the "balance of the Constitution," and, moreover, that it would advance the general interests of trade and the commercial prosperity of the kingdom. Power, he argues, follows property in land; and the relaxation of the laws against alienation had fostered liberty and enabled the nobility to stand between the Crown and the people, resisting the encroachments of the one, and defending the liberties of the other. To permit a class of inalienable property to spring up, under the pretence of charity, would undo all these benefits. Ample church endowments were doubtless to be approved, but not in excess; and those church authorities who were already endowed (the bishops, to wit) might be reconciled to the measure by the reflection that they would be fortified in their privileges by the exclusion of competitors in time to come; if not, dissenting communities would be enabled to hold land as well as themselves. Then the complete freedom of alienation in land was a great encouragement to the working classes, enabling them to realize their money, and to found families. And, if it were said that the Act discouraged charity, let it be remembered that *all* charity does not consist of *almsgiving*, and certainly not of *almsgiving in perpetuity*.

These were the arguments which were used with success in the House of Lords in the year 1736. It has since been often questioned whether the policy of the measure is adapted to our modern state of society.

It has often been argued thus. The persons who wish to bestow their land in charity have generally no near or no deserving relations; and, if it be essential to prevent the land of the country from being tied up, at least the property might be sold and the proceeds given to charity. The state of the law is felt to be an invasion upon a man's free right to do what he wills with his own, and consequently frequent attempts are made to evade it. The contrivance is resorted to of leaving money to secretaries and treasurers, relieved, it is true, in express words, from all constructive or implied trusts, but in the



secret hope that it will be devoted to the desired purpose. The moral and physical necessities of the poor, the uneducated, and the sick require that the hand of charity should not be stayed.

Such arguments, however, have never prevailed with the Legislature, and every effort made of late years to remove the statute has been decisively rejected; mainly, however, because the moving parties have been those who are believed, justly or not, to be admirers of mediæval institutions and policy.

Indeed, the most original and striking speech that has been made in this Parliament is a move in quite the opposite direction. On the 4th of May, 1863, Mr. Gladstone delivered a memorable speech, in which he directed an assault against charities and charitable institutions of all descriptions—a speech which created much panic amongst the institutions themselves, excited great curiosity and attention on the part of the public, and left abundant food for subsequent reflection. Mr. Gladstone's immediate object was to persuade the House of Commons to render charities liable to the income-tax, from which they are now exempt. It became useful to the speaker's purpose (having shown that most of the so-called charities were death-bed bequests) to point out the distinction between the voluntary, self-sacrificing gift of living charity, and the dedication by a man after his death of property which he can enjoy no longer. He pointed out the capricious, the vain-glorious, sometimes even the malignant, motives of many who have defrauded their relations of their just expectations by endowing some object or creature which they could never see or know. More forcibly he pointed out the frightful abuses of such institutions as Jarvis's Charity, in Herefordshire, and Lovejoy's Charity, at Canterbury. The former, he showed, had increased the population of the district, by attracting to it a number of thriftless and prodigal persons, to whom such a maintenance as Jarvis's Bounty afforded "a splendid, an intoxicating inducement" to live in indolence and coarse indulgence to the end of their days. Lovejoy's money was shown, in like manner, to be going regularly into the pockets of the evil and the dissolute. Smith's Charity, at Kensington, which is a foundation for the benefit of the relations of the donor, has no such repulsive features attending it; but it was argued (perhaps not very conclusively) that it tended to support young people in indolence, and was a premium upon unthriftiness and dissipation. The splendid institution of Christ's Hospital, it was shown, had wandered far from its original aim: it is now no longer a Charity in King Edward VI's meaning of the word, but has become a boon to a vast number of good people, who would be very indignant at the notion of not being socially treated as gentlefolks. Are these, it was asked, the children of the royal grant—"the poor, the fatherless, the motherless, the sick, the sore, the impotent"? The very hospitals, it was shown, are not models of pure and economical management; but this was acknowledged to be the weakest part of the case.

Unwittingly (for throughout Mr. Gladstone's speech no cognisance of the existence of the Mortmain Act appears) the same argument was addressed to the House of Commons that had been used by Lord Hardwicke to the House of Peers a century ago; namely, that *all charity does not consist of almsgiving*, and certainly not of *almsgiving without self-sacrifice*. The main truth was equally recognised by either statesman, and deemed worthy of emphatic assertion.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, exerted his oratorical powers in vain. The charities of the

country are too powerful, or too sacred, to be touched; and they remain as before, unclipped by the financial shears. On the other hand, the Mortmain Act continues as much as ever the living law of the land; and the intending testator who is about to bestow his property in charity must still be cautioned lest his benevolent intentions fail. If those intentions, indeed, be inspired by any of the unworthy motives above mentioned, it were far better that they should fail; and no one can be advised to devote money to charitable objects who has other obligations to fulfil. The so-called charitable donor should be counselled to weigh the interests of the living, who are known to him, against those of the unborn, who exist only in his imagination; and to enrich his own flesh and blood rather than "endow a college or a cat," or heap up ostentatious piles of brick and mortar. The moment of executing a will is often a most appropriate one on which to remember that the condoning of the offences of our kindred is one of the first of Christian virtues, and that forgiveness of others is looked for in those who themselves expect to be forgiven.

### LONDON BIRDS.

WHEN, some time ago, we chronicled the doings of the London sparrows, it was with the intention that those impudent little worldlings should not monopolize all our regard, but that the other birds who make a home or a temporary visiting place of the metropolis should, in their turn, come in for a share of our notice and remark. We shall now redeem that promise made to ourselves, and go over in a brief and cursory way the catalogue of the feathered tribes which are to be found in London, if not at all times, at least at some season or other in the course of the year.

The Pigeons demand the first place, and are entitled to it on several grounds. Next to the sparrows, they are unquestionably the most numerous race, and next to them, too, they are most widely scattered throughout the City and suburbs. They are vastly more numerous, however, in the east end than they are in the west, and probably abound more in the southern districts than in the north. From time out of mind the pigeon has been the pet bird of a certain class of London workmen; and this class, we fear it must be confessed, would not rank as the most respectable one: indeed, it would be found to consist, in a considerable degree, of amateur admirers of the prize ring, of dabblers in matters of the turf, of the patrons and abettors of professional pedestrians, wrestlers, players at single-stick, and competitive gymnasts and athletes in general, upon whose success or failure in their exploits wagers are depending. For the pigeon has been for centuries the swift-winged messenger of the lovers of sport in all its aspects, carrying from the arena of the contest the news of triumph and defeat to all who were concerned in such tidings. Before the invention of the electric telegraph, indeed, the London carrier-pigeon was no unimportant member of the newspaper staff. The stool of the sporting editor was then situate under the dove-cote, and he had to wait for the arrival of the bird before he could announce to the expecting multitudes the event they were so eager to hear, and which would have so momentous an effect upon their pockets; and well indeed did the fleet bird perform his part, flashing along the distance between Epsom and the Strand at a speed exceeding that of a mile a minute. Greater distances, sometimes more than a hundred miles, were

travelled at almost an equal rate, the birds being bred and trained with a view to speed and endurance on the wing. The fast-flying pigeons were often made the medium of gross frauds by unprincipled gamblers, who, by the quick arrival of their birds, were in possession of facts for some time before they were generally known. The use of the carrier-pigeon is now not nearly so common in London as it was in a former day. The electric wires have superseded him along all the railway routes and many others; but his services are still called into requisition at times, and such is specially the case when the professional pugilists meet for combat, and choose their arena, as they are obliged to do, far from the iron road.

The homes of the London pigeons are for the most part upon the tiles of the roofs, among the chimney-pots. Here they are bred, and here they are always fed, and hence they make their first essays upon the wing. They have many enemies; and it is said that the pigeon-breeder and keeper has more enemies than the bird itself. If the birds fall a prey to cats, thousands of whom prowl the roofs and lie in wait for them, their owner is liable to be robbed by having his birds decoyed away from him by men who bait their cotes with delicacies which the pigeon loves and make prize of all the stray birds enticed by the lure. Such birds they cannot keep for their own use, and, as a consequence, they are handed over to the poulterer. The breeder also loses numbers of birds by a practice which prevails more or less among lads and apprentice boys, of shooting them in the early morning, and by another practice, still more common, of snaring them. Many of these roof-bred birds are lost by their straying away and settling in other homes. The breeder endeavours to prevent this by accustoming his feathered flock to his voice, and especially to his whistle. They are trained to come at the latter sound to be fed, and some of them are so docile as to obey their owner's whistle when soaring hundreds of feet aloft, and to make for their cotes at once on hearing the sound.

It would appear that the stock of live pigeons in London, prolific as these birds are, is not kept up to the mark by breeding, but that continual additions of country-bred birds require to be made. We infer that this is the case from the fact that many thousands of young pigeons in almost a callow condition are brought to the London markets, chiefly to Leadenhall, and are sold alive to the pigeon-keepers and fanciers. There is one colony of pigeons, however, in the City, which not only maintain their numbers in spite of their enemies, but multiply so fast that they have now and then to be decimated in order to keep their numbers in tolerable proportions. These are the Guildhall pigeons, a plump and portly race, remarkable principally for their rotundity and their imperturbable self-possession, which latter exceeds even that of the sparrows. Nothing puts them out of countenance; they make a feeding-ground of the area in front of the civic mansion, and are not to be driven from it, but swarm among the horses' feet when the place is thronged with cabs and carriages, and dispute with the sparrows the droppings from the nosebags. They mob the processions on processioning days, and flutter in clouds of welcome over the guests arriving at the municipal banquets. But, when they grow too multitudinous and intrusive, there issues a fiat—whence no one seems to know—which lays some half of them low, and dooms them to figure on the spit, or with their little brown feet cropping out from a tumulus of pie-crust.

The *Rook* is also one of the oldest inhabitants of London; and, seeing that his habits are specially rural, the

fact that he still cleaves to the metropolis in no inconsiderable numbers may be taken as a proof of his regard for precedent and fondness for old usages. One of the oldest rookeries in the city is that of the Temple, which was once much more extensive and populous than it has been of late years. When Goldsmith was writing his "Animated Nature" he had chambers in Garden Court, and one of his amusements was to sit at his window watching the proceedings of the rooks. Another rookery almost as old is that in Gray's Inn Gardens, whose inhabitants, however, we are sorry to say, have diminished sadly in number since we first made their acquaintance. A better naturalist than Goldsmith was, until lately, their friend and patron, encouraging them to build by supplying them with materials, and watching and recording their operations with the zest of a true lover of nature. This was the late Mr. Broderip, the magistrate, one of the keenest observers of animal life, and author of "Zoological Recreations," whose chambers opened upon the gardens in close proximity to the chaffering, squalling colony. Other London rookeries, which, being farther afield, thrive better, are those in Kensington Gardens, and in Holland Park, which latter one dates from several centuries back. Several of the rookeries which once flourished in London have disappeared altogether: there was one in Carlton House Gardens, which was destroyed by cutting down the trees; there was a small colony of rooks in the College Garden of Doctors' Commons; and, within a very few years, there were a few squatters in the plane-tree which stands at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside. These confiding birds, who had to live at a much lower elevation than rooks generally select, were encouraged by the inhabitants of the quarter, and all care was taken that they should not be molested; but they disappeared by degrees: the half-dozen nests diminished to four, to three, to two, to one; then the last pair of birds had for a year or two the tree to themselves; they built and reared their broods, but the broods went off and settled elsewhere, leaving the old birds alone. Whether this constant couple died at their post, or whether—which is most likely, for rooks, they say, will live a hundred years—they too went off to a country retirement, we cannot say; but they vanished, and left their dwelling to the mercy of the winds and weather: by the winter of 1863 the last stick of the nest was blown away, and no memorial of the Cheapside rookery was left. But there are rooks in London, as there are rooks elsewhere, who do not inhabit rookeries. Thus there has been for years a pretty large colony of them located in the Tower, some in the pinacles of the turrets, others in the White Tower. It is supposed that these birds are exiles who have been driven from their original homes by the march of modern improvement. It is known, for instance, that the denizens of a rookery which formerly flourished in the churchyard of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, on being put to flight by the workmen who pulled down the church, took refuge in the Tower; and there is reason to believe that other settlers who have suffered banishment have resorted to the same sanctuary. After all, it must be confessed that the residence of rooks in London is rather a riddle; and it is difficult to conceive how they manage to rear their young, whose appetites are enormous and require to be constantly satisfied. The parent birds can find little or nothing for them in the City; in fact, they are never seen to alight there, and must fly at least as far as the outer suburbs for the materials of every meal. On the other hand, it may be remembered, the full speed of a rook on the wing is near the rate of a hundred miles an hour; so that, if the parent birds have far to go for provender, they need not be long in going.

The *Owls* in London are not very numerous; they are, however, more numerous than is commonly supposed. Hating the light, as those birds do, they are not brought much into public view; but every summer a few of them are exhibited in the streets, generally in charge of some disabled or superannuated rustic, who shows them off embowered in canopied niches of moss and ivy, and who makes more by the exaction of coppers from the passers-by than from the sale of the birds, which yet he is always willing to sell. They are bought by innkeepers and stablemen, who value them as excellent mousers, and by persons who keep them for amusement. The owl, however, is but an unsatisfactory pet. To be kept alive he must have a dark place to retire to, and he will rarely show himself, except under a compulsion which is almost a cruelty. He often does good service at night, when suffered to roam at large, by removing vermin from the premises; but he is sometimes the occasion of terrible alarm, of which the following "too true tale" furnishes an instance. A worthy member of the corporation, more remarkable for his manly proportions than for his presence of mind, returned late one summer evening from a swan-hopping excursion on the Thames. The night was so far advanced that he thought it would be more expedient to take a bed at the house of his friend, the landlord of the "Woolsack," than to drive home to his country residence, where he would probably find his household buried in sleep. To the "Woolsack" accordingly he repaired; and there, after discussing his evening pipe and nightcap of grog, he was shown to a bedroom by his host, and left to his repose. Ere long he was snug between the sheets and buried in slumber; but, about two in the morning, according to his invariable custom, he woke up from his first sleep and looked about him. What should he see but two round balls of flame, which twirled and twisted upon their centres, and glared horribly into his face at the distance of a few feet. At the sight the bed began to shake under him; cold drops oozed from every pore of his skin; his jaws began to rattle like a pair of castanets; while his tongue, dry as a biscuit, refused its function. At length, by a desperate effort, he found utterance, and gave vent to a roar, terrible and prolonged, which speedily aroused the whole household and brought a crowd of the alarmed inmates to his chamber door. The landlord, bolder than the rest, burst into the room. "What is the matter, my dear friend?" "There! there! look there!" was the reply, in accents of horror, while the trembling hand pointed to the foot of the bed. "There—where? what is it?" said the host, bringing his light to bear upon the spot indicated. "Oh, I see; it's old Tom, our pet owl. Why, surely, Mr.—, you were not frightened at a bird!" "Wasn't I, though? I was never so frightened in my life; and, look you, landlord, I must get out of this—I can't stay here." It was in vain that the landlord laid the cane over Tom's back, drove him to his lair in the chimney, and shut him in with a fireboard; the terrified citizen could not be prevailed upon to pass the rest of the night in the chamber, and had to be accommodated elsewhere.

The *Raven*, we are inclined to think, never comes to London of his own accord, but he is brought here in an unfledged or half-fledged condition every spring, and is sold in Covent Garden for what he will fetch; and a very uncouth and ugly bargain he is. He is now much more rare than he formerly was, and fetches a higher price. He is peculiar for his dismal croak, for an odd sound he makes, which has been compared by some to the drawing of a cork, and by others to the word *clung*, pronounced in a sepulchral voice. He is

admired for his impudence, his addiction to theft, and especially for his courage. One, which for many years was kept by the proprietor of a beer-shop in Westminster, was found to be more than a match for any dog imprudent enough to assail him.

*Jackdaws* are much more common; indeed, they are found wild in many parts of London, sometimes attaching themselves to rookeries, but oftener building in the roofs and towers of churches. Numbers of these also are sold when quite young in the markets, and are reared as pets, many of them being taught to utter words and phrases, which they will articulate with notable distinctness. It is not at all uncommon to find them in the gardens of suburban villas, where they make themselves of use by clearing the plants of slugs, and of the myriads of beetles of all kinds, with which the soil is infested. The fate of the pet jackdaw is generally a melancholy one: if he does not poison himself, as he is very likely to do, by his promiscuous eating, or get knocked on the head for his mischievous habits, he is pretty sure to succumb sooner or later to the hostility of his foes, among whom may be reckoned nearly every pet animal.

The *Blackbird* and the *Thrush*, though the Londoner rarely sets eyes upon them except in a cage, are not such complete strangers to the metropolis as is generally supposed. During the frosts of a severe winter both of them may be seen daily foraging in the suburban gardens; and they usually choose for that purpose the hour or the half-hour before sundown. A better time observe them, are, perhaps, the early mornings of a summer about the end of May, and the whole of the month of June, when they may be seen to come down pretty regularly to make prize of the garden worms, while the sun is yet level with the horizon and no one is abroad to disturb them. The thrush is much bolder than the blackbird in these incursions, and will penetrate farther into the City; we have often surprised him, soon after dawn in the summer, foraging in the front garden-plats of the City Road.

*Swallows*, so far as we are aware, never build in London, nor do we find their nests in the suburbs, except very rarely, and then on the extremest limits. The birds are numerous, however, along the course of the Thames, the canals, and the New River, the banks of the latter especially being often alive with them on showery summer evenings, when the sun gleams out between the showers. Nor are they strangers to the densest parts of the town, but may be observed in the squares and open places nearly all the summer long, but rarely flying very low. Returning along Holborn late in the afternoon, on a day in September last, we were saluted by a chorus of house-martins, whose chaffering and piping almost drowned the din of traffic: they were thousands in number, and were swarming about the walls and roofs, probably in preparation for their migration southward.

The *Redbreast*, though never seen in London streets, unless confined in a cage, refuses to be driven far away. We have met with him in St. James's Park, in Hyde Park, and in Kensington Gardens, and he is often known to build in close bushes, such as the variegated box and privet of suburban gardens; and, in the frosty days of winter, when sparrows congregate at the call of those who are used to feed them, the redbreast will occasionally be seen among them. But the London bird does not seem to be so confiding and familiar as the country one, and is rarely, if ever, known to enter the house, much less to come, as we have seen him do in the country places, pecking at the windows for admittance.



Perhaps one cause of this is the treatment which Robin has met with at the hands of Londoners; the rustic idea surrounds him with a kind of sanctity, which ensures him entertainment, and secures him from capture; but the cockney idea is that Robin will sell for a few shillings on account of his sweet song; and therefore he is caught and caged, and sold in every bird-shop, at prices varying with the extent of his musical accomplishments.

The list of London birds need not be extended much farther, the above being all, or nearly all, which are met with at large in the metropolis, and having the power to depart if they choose. Song birds, including nearly all the British finches, are found in the immediate vicinity of London; but they do not enter it except as captives, and their capture employs some hundred or so of fowlers, who may be seen starting forth on their expeditions every fine morning in summer. Of caged birds London might furnish a list which probably could not be paralleled elsewhere, and would include all the feathered varieties that will live in confinement to be found in every part of the globe. In domestic fowls also London is astonishingly rich: they are to be found in almost every street; in back gardens, in areas, in garrets, in kitchens, in cellars, and on the roofs of houses, as well as running about in the public ways; and they comprise every specimen that could be named, from the huge Norfolk turkey to the minute Guinea-fowl. Ducks are special favourites in the by-ways, backways, and slums of the poorer quarters of the town, and they have their purveyors, who strip the ponds and ditches of the small green weed which mantles them in the summer, and bring it into town for their consumption.

To the public collections of waterfowl in the parks, and to the unrivalled assemblage of the feathered tribes in the gardens of the Zoological Society, we need not now call the reader's attention, as they do not come within the present category.

### INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

INDUSTRIAL Exhibitions, of which the public has seen several examples lately, are generally supposed to owe their origin to the international exhibitions which have occupied so prominent a position in the social movements of our time. It was natural, and almost unavoidable, that the great world shows should be followed by such lesser shows, in which the clever and industrious workman might have an opportunity of asserting himself individually, and reaping such a share of applause as was due to his skill. In the grand national displays, in which peoples contended with peoples, the real worker, who had performed the miracle of art or ingenuity which astonished the multitude, was often kept entirely in the background, the employers, or the firms who paid him his wages, assuming to themselves the credit which was due to his talent. Numbers of clever workmen, whose efforts were thus absorbed by others, feeling themselves reduced to a kind of abstraction, were eager to assert their individuality; and probably it is as much to this feeling—a perfectly justifiable one—as to anything else that the industrial exhibitions, in which the working man is the principal and not the secondary agent, owe their establishment. The supposition, however, that these working men's exhibitions are a consequence of the international exhibitions, though true in the main, does not embrace the whole truth. We can remember

the time, now from thirty to forty years ago, when the mechanics' institutes first became popular in the provinces, and when something very like the industrial exhibitions of to-day formed, at least in country places, a part of the experience of such institutes. It is true there was no set provision made for displays of the kind; but the members, by a sort of instinct, brought their productions to the test of their fellows' criticism; and thus collections, not of a permanent kind, but constantly varying in quality, were formed, the influence of which, as we have reason to know, was of an improving and beneficial kind. These small gatherings, and the feeling that nurtured them, died out as the mechanics' institutes underwent a change; and perhaps the last of them disappeared more than a quarter of a century ago.

In fairness to the industrial exhibition it ought not for a moment to be compared with the international one. The latter was an exposition of all that could be accomplished by the means of unlimited capital leagued with the most consummate art, the highest education, and the most finished skill in every department of science, manufactures, and the fine arts. The former, on the contrary, is the outcome of unassisted labour, often under difficulties of no ordinary kind, and carried on, for the most part, from mere enthusiasm and the eager desire of self-improvement. The national exhibitor could select his objects and procure any amount of purchasable aid in carrying them out. The industrial exhibitor is dependent upon himself alone, has even to work frequently without tools, or with such only as he can invent and improvise, and patiently does "what he can," as often, perhaps, because he cannot help doing it, as because, with the strong instinct of the true worker, he is ambitious to excel.

The way in which this instinct manifests itself under different circumstances is most interesting. In many cases the worker is enamoured of his craft, and he spends his leisure time in contriving and perfecting the means of carrying it on more effectually. But, in a still greater number of instances, this is not the case; and there would seem to be a recognisable law in operation regulating what shall be the chosen pursuits of men placed in conditions of life determined for them by circumstances. This law is traceable sometimes according to a rule of compensation—as when we see a man who is confined all day in a bottling-cellar spending his mornings and evenings in the cultivation of flowers, and not only cultivating them, but painting them with admirable delicacy of touch; or when we see another, who turns pill-boxes all day long at a lathe, scouring the country at his leisure to make a collection of ferns; or a third, whose daily occupation is by the forge fire, devoting all his spare time to the collection, the classification, and the tasteful arrangement of British butterflies. Apart from any rule of compensation, however, it is evident that working men are more given to direct the best energies of their minds to some pursuit outside the limits of their calling than to anything closely connected with it.

This was shown in a remarkable manner at the industrial exhibition held at the Agricultural Hall in Islington in the months of October and November last. Many admirable specimens of modelling were exhibited which were the work of men who had never received any instruction in the modeller's art, but who had passed their lives in laborious work demanding faculties of an entirely different order. Carvings of considerable merit were sent by shopmen and journeymen; sculptures, not wanting in drawing or spirit, by a

hairdresser; and paintings in oil and water colours—for the most part indifferent enough, it is true, but still comprising a number which were really excellent—executed by the members of a dozen different industrial crafts. Among the paintings were a few works by a letter-carrier which would have fairly deserved a position on the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition, the painter also having sent the manuscripts of several dramas which have been enacted on the London stage.

This exhibition at Islington was the most extensive, the best managed, the most valuable, and the most successful which has yet been opened to the public. The following brief account of its rise and career may be acceptable to our readers, and may serve to show with how little trouble so beneficial an undertaking may be accomplished. The idea was first entertained by some half-dozen persons, who, after conferring together, held a public meeting in Clerkenwell, at which they elected a committee, and drew up a few general rules. The neighbouring district of Islington sent a representative, and joined in the scheme. St. Pancras, Holborn, Hoxton, Holloway, and Camden Town followed the example of Islington; and, as the news of what was doing spread abroad, applications for exhibiting-space poured in. As the scheme grew and expanded, the committee became naturally anxious on the score of their responsibilities, and made efforts to raise a guarantee fund. Such a fund was raised with very little trouble, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, Miss Burdett Coutts, and others, well-known friends of the working man, pledging themselves at once for the amount required. After this, the only difficulties that remained were those of a practical kind, in connection with the various details which had to be attended to in carrying out the plan, and which were all overcome by the zealous co-operation of the committee and their friends. When, on the 14th of October, the exhibition was opened, it soon became evident that the kind friends who had endorsed the guarantee fund would incur no pecuniary obligation. The exhibition was so rich in itself, the circumstances of its formation were so interesting, and its tendency was so palpably useful and profitable, that all classes of the London population swarmed into the Agricultural Hall to witness it. It continued open for twenty-five days, during which upwards of two hundred thousand persons examined its varied contents—as many as twenty-eight thousand visiting it in a single day—and was closed on the 7th of November.

At the close, after a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Fowke, and the singing of the Hallelujah chorus by the choir, Mr. Gladstone made a most eloquent and genial speech, in which he summarized the history of the undertaking, and drew from its success an augury of future good, and of the rise of the working classes by their own self-help. From his statement it appeared that, so far from there being any necessity for a recourse to the guarantee fund, the committee had absolutely a surplus of a thousand pounds in hand; so that the success of such exhibitions, as a mere matter of speculation, would seem to be tolerably well established. We have only space to quote the conclusion of the Chancellor's speech on this occasion, every word of which is worthy of a place in the memory of all true workers. "My concluding duty," he said, "is to declare to you that this exhibition is closed; but, when I say that it is closed, I do not speak of it as of a thing dead and departed. If it be closed, it is closed like the year, which, when it dies away, by the very process of its dying makes preparation for another spring. It is closed like the corn which we

drop into the earth, and which is placed there in order that its death may be the precursor of renovated life and of renewed fertility. That, happily, is not a mere anticipation. Already there are indications upon every side that the example you have set is a fruitful example. . . . The example you have set has already led to such results that I could give you a list of towns and places in which it is contemplated to hold similar exhibitions. Let us not, therefore, in speaking of this exhibition as having reached its natural termination in the sense that the doors of the hall will be closed, and the objects here collected will be dispersed—let us not forget that it still retains its moral force, and still promises to be, as we hope it will be, the happy parent of many children—of scenes like this, and, if possible, exceeding this. It will help to confirm, in the minds of the labouring community, the useful lesson which they have already learnt, and will likewise prove to be an effective means of leading them onward in the path, not of illusory and unsubstantial, but of true and real progress and healthful and Christian civilization." These noble words need no comment from us: we can corroborate one statement they contain, for we also could give a list of places in which industrial exhibitions are in course of preparation; but in truth there is no necessity for so doing.

There is one thing remaining to be noticed, which we conceive to be of primary importance, and to which attention has already been drawn by the public press. In the industrial exhibitions which have already taken place—in that in South London, as well as in that in Islington—there has been a want of just supervision with respect to exhibitors, who have been admitted too indiscriminately. A genuine industrial exhibition should contain nothing whatever that is not the unassisted production of the working man. Prosperous tradesmen and manufacturers, who work with the hands and brains of others, should keep out of it, if for no other reason than from a point of honour. The entire arena should be reserved for the men who work for wages, who should thus be allowed and encouraged to show us what stuff they are made of; every man of them, like the smith in the "Fair Maid of Perth," "fighting for his own hand." The machines and engines of firms, the musical instruments of well-known manufacturers, and the busts and models of professional sculptors, all such things are an impertinence in an exhibition of this kind, and reflect not credit but discredit on their owners who send them in. Let the working-man be sole possessor of the arena; if others are allowed to crush in, it is impossible that he can be fairly estimated. If additional objects are needed to fill the show space, they should be obtained, as they easily can be, from public museums and collections.

Of the advantages derivable to the worker, and through him to society in general, from exhibitions of this kind, a great deal might be said; but most that could be urged would be of a kind too obvious to need insisting upon. Briefly, what may be fairly expected of them is—that, by the introduction of a spirit of emulation among workers, they will awaken and foster a large amount of natural talent which might else lie dormant; that they will introduce healthy recreation and excitement in lieu of the attractions of the streets and the public-house; that they will spread and popularize a vast amount of practical knowledge bearing upon all departments of industry; and that, by tending to build up the self-respect and moral character of the worker, they will, as Mr. Gladstone assures us, aid in the advance of true and real progress, and healthful and Christian civilization.